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THE ART REVIEW.

training, of such pictures. It is, however, worth while to observe, that while ultra protestants have, with a good deal of vigor, driven them out of their churches, the same ultra protestants to-day, in their Sunday school unions, print, paint, and sell pictures of sacred subjects for their Sunday school children, which are used and largely commented on every Sunday in those children's training. I do not believe that a great deal of high religious instruction is given by the pictures in churches, but I do believe that they make churches attractive, and for that reason, chiefly, should I be glad if we had fine pictures in all our churches. But I am sure that the experience of Europe shows that they educate the people who see them to a higher standard in art. They know what the best is, and they aim at the best, in their aspirations or in their imitations. The boy who has seen a family group by Murillo, or Vandyke, or Raphael, knows, from that moment, what is good, and is not satisfied with the meander pretences. And if God have given him the artist hand, and the ready eye, he aims, from the very first, at the very highest in his endeavors.

Now this is precisely what we propose to give to every child of God in the establishment of the Free Museum of Art in Boston. If this child of God, who has ready hand, quick eye, and eager brain, who has all the capabilities of an artist, and all the aspirations of an artist, is born in the midst of our people, we do not mean to leave him to the training which the scenes of a theatre give him, or the questionable daubs of a liquor saloon, or of a gambler's hell. We mean, that when he has a vacant evening, or a half-holiday, with an idle hour to spend, there shall be open to him, on the spot where the "Coliseum" stood, a collection of the best work that men and women have done in their study of God's noblest gifts to us, and the most beautiful. That boy shall see, —early in life he shall see,—how the sculptors of antiquity rendered the beautiful curves and slopes of the human form. He shall see, early in life, how the tints of sunset linger for centuries on the canvas, and the smile of infancy plays for centuries on the lip, when genius chains them. There that boy, if the mood is on him, shall sit and brood for hours, working out the conception which Michael Angelo had of his Saviour, or studying out the devices by which Turner made his own immortality out of London fogs and smoke. If it pleases God to give us the very best in the midst of our own children, we determine, in this enterprise, that we will give them the very best for their training.

To discover the gifts of genius, which God has given us, that is the noblest privilege of men in society. Do you remember the crowning victory of Arago, the French mathematician? Not that he gave his name to a planet. Nay, not even that he wrought out some new process, by which, in its tangled orbit, some lost planet might be found. No! More than that, better than that! It was won in the day when, to the section of mathematics in the French Academy, he named a young man for membership unknown to fame: "I ask you to honor this stranger on the strength of my prophetic power. I ask you to honor him, not for what he is, but for what he will be." And the Academy took him at his word, and gave the coveted seat to this unknown young man. So

that Arago afterwards had the triumph of saying, when this young Leverrier added a lost planet to the solar system, when, from the perturbations of Jupiter, he detected the presence of an unseen planet in the void, when to that planet his name was given as a sign of the greatest victory of the mathematics, Arago had the triumph of hearing men say, "It is a great thing to have discovered the planet, it is a greater to have discovered the discoverer." That is the triumph which is open before us now. To rescue from the misery of talent unemployed, of gifts unused, of aspirations unanswered, the Rosa Bonheur, the Marie Le Brun, the Angelica Kaufmann, who might else be on their knees scrubbing with sand and soap upon the floor. To set to the work for which God fitted them, the Edwin Landseer, the Quintin Matsys, nay, the Buonarotti and the Thorwaldsen, who else might have wasted unsatisfied life in drunken revelry, or been chained by wretched slavery to the hewing wood or drawing water for mankind!

Now this is a work which can fitly be done only by the sympathy, union, and co-operation of everybody. Clearly there is no nobler duty given by God to his children. There is no enterprise which shall do more to make them of one heart, and of one soul, than that which unites them in the recognition of the wonderful beauty of His world. Men pick flaws in the evidences of His power, and say it might be unconscious power. They sneer at the evidences of His wisdom, and say it may be contrivance without love. But in presence of the beauty of the world these sneers are powerless. The loveliness of a flower, the dimple of a baby's smile, the glory of sunset, are all tokens, which cannot be gainsaid, of our Father's love. No enterprise, I say, will do more to make men of one heart and soul than that which makes the richest and the poorest, the wisest and the most stupid, unite in the recognition of the beauty of the world. Under circumstances curiously favorable, several great organizations of education, the city government included, have united to start the endeavor. Two hundred persons have already subscribed, on an average, a thousand dollars each, to carry it forward. What it needs now is the sympathy, and the help, which is to gain in the work; yes, and the prayer of the great multitude of us all. It is not to be the gift to the people of a few condescending rich men. It is to be erected by the people for the people—by all for each and by each for all.

I need not take these moments to speak of the greatness of that public spirit—the very life-breath of the community—which makes such efforts and rightly carries forward such designs. Wo to the man who is without it. Wo to the man who sits back, whether in his hovel or his palace, and laughs to see others working for mankind. Palace? I care not what palace he lives in. He always appears to me to be living, a sordid wretch, in the filth of some attic above his warehouses, creeping down when hunger calls him, to some miserable oyster-stand, sleeping, when night compels him, on some pallet of rags, and dying, when death compels him, without nurse or woman at his side, amid the grateful joy of all that at last his stores are unlocked to somebody. It is not because such enterprises need everybody's money

that I say we all must join in them. It is because something rings hollow and flat in their organization, if we are not all handed together. As the church legend says the Good God misses the prayer of one little boy who forgets his "Our Father," and the harmony of praise rises incomplete without it, so does our museum rise with something vacant even in its well filled corridors, with something hollow in the harmony of its collections, if we are not all hoping for it, and waiting for it—the people's gallery, which the people must make their own.

The Hebrew prophet, describing the worst state of degradation of his race, said to his people: "Seeing, you shall see and not perceive." That degradation is not simply the inability to perceive moral truth. The moral degradation springs from the neglect of gratitude to God, and the want of a keen sense of his outward blessings. It is as if Isaiah had said: The Lord God hides Lebanon in its grandeur beyond Esrael in its beauty. And you go and come without seeing the grandeur of Lebanon, or the beauty of Esrael. Above Lebanon flaunt the clouds big with his bounty. They sweep forth from the green crest of Hermon to feed the dry wastes of Zion, and you do not see their cloud tones against the blue, you do not see their shadows chasing each other on the grain. Or, if seeing, you see—you do not perceive. It is to a race of men trained to see the glories of creation, trained to see them in their truth, and to fix on the most evanescent of them so that others may see and may enjoy; it is to men and women trained to use every gift that God has given in his exquisite bounty, that there comes the higher gift of seeing the fullness of His love, of seeing the tenderness of His care, of seeing the infinite range of the circle of His blessings. It is to that generation, working out the wonders of His purpose that is spoken the nobler prophecy of the new covenant: "Blessed are your eyes for they see." It is when by such devices the divine education of the race is completed that the full force of the highest words of encouragement is made good: "Prophets and righteous men have desired to see the things that you see, and have not seen them."

SONG.

ROLLO RAMBLER.

"Love is so short
And life so long,"
Trolled a maiden fair,
In blithesome song.

"But I can work
And I can wait;
For I'll have none
But a willing mate."

He walked away
Through th' waving corn,
And passed from sight
That sweet June morn.

* * * * *
"Life is so short
And love so long!"
Moaned a maiden grey,
In saddest song.